ARCADIA;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

[Price Six-pence.]

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ARCADIA;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

By Robert Lloyd.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

The Muſic Compoſed by Mr. STANLEY.

Dis equidem auſpicibus reor, & Junone ſecundâ. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXI.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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DAMÆTAS,	Mr. *Champneſs.*
DAMON,	Mr. *Lowe.*
PRIEST,	Mr. *Fawcett.*
SYLVIA,	Mrs. *Vincent.*
PHOEBE, the Huntreſs,	Miſs *Young.*
DELIA,	Miſs *Young.*

ARCADIANS, *by the Singers, Dancers, and Comedians.*

ARCADIA;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A View of the Country.*

SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS.

SHepherds, buxom, blith and free,
Now's the Time for Jollity.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haſte, and bring along
Merry Tale and jocund Song.
To the Pipe and Tabor beat,
Frolick Meaſures with your Feet.
Ev'ry Gift of Time employ;
Make the moſt of proffer'd Joy.
Pleaſure hates the ſcanty Rules
Portion'd out by dreaming Fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds buxom, blith and free,
Now's the Time for Jollity.

[*A Dance of Shepherds*, &c.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy Swains, rejoice;
It is the Heart that prompts the Voice.
Be ſorrow baniſh'd far away;
Thyrſis ſhall make it Holy-day.

Who

Who at his Name can Joy ſuppreſs?
Arcadian born to rule and bleſs.

DAMON.

And hark! from Rock to Rock the Sound
Of winding Horn, and deep-mouth'd Hound,
Breaking with Rapture on the Ear,
Proclaims the blithſome *Phœbe* near:
See where ſhe haſtes with eager Pace,
To ſpeak the Joys that paint her Face.

SCENE II.

Opens to a Proſpect of Rocks.

Huntſmen, Huntreſſes, &c. *coming down from them.*

PHOEBE.

Hither I ſpeed with honeſt Glee,
Such as befits the Mind that's free;
Your chearful Troop, blith Youth, to join,
And mix my ſocial Joys with thine.
Now may each Nymph, and frolick Swain,
O'er Mountain ſteep, or level Plain,
Court buxom Health, while jocund Horn
Bids Echo wake the Sluggard Morn.

AIR.

When the Morning peeps forth, and the Zephyr's cool Gale,
Carries Fragrance and Health over Mountain and Dale;
Up, ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, and together we'll rove,
Up Hill, down the Valley, by Thicket or Grove:

Then

Then follow with me, where the Welkin reſounds
With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry of the Hounds.

Let the wretched be Slaves to Ambition and Wealth;
All the Bleſſing we ask, is the Bleſſing of Health.
So ſhall Innocence' Self give a Warrant to Joys
No Envy diſturbs, no Dependence deſtroys.
Then follow with me, where the Welkin reſounds
With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry of the Hounds.

O'er Hill, Dale, and Woodland, with Rapture we roam;
Yet returning, ſtill find the dear Pleaſures at Home;
Where the chearful good Humour gives Honeſty grace,
And the Heart ſpeaks Content in the Smiles of the Face.
Then follow with me, where the Welkin reſounds
With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry of the Hounds.

[*A Dance of Huntſmen and Huntreſſes.*

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small Care, my Friends, your Youth annoys,
Which only looks to preſent Joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white Locks of ſilver'd Age,
And long Experience hail thee Sage;
Ill ſuits it in this Joy, to wear
A Brow ſo over-hung with Care.
Better with us thy Voice to raiſe,
And join a whole *Arcadia*'s Praiſe.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that *Thyrſis* reigns
The Guardian o'er his native Plains:
But Praiſe is ſcanty to reveal
The ſpeaking Bleſſings all muſt feel.

DAMON.

True, all muſt feel—but thankleſs too?
Nor give to Virtue, Virtue's due?
My grateful Heart ſhall ever ſhew
The Debt I need not bluſh to owe.

DAMON.

AIR.

That I go where I liſt, that I ſing what I pleaſe,
That my Labour's the Price of Contentment and Eaſe,
That no Care from abroad my Retirement annoys,
That at home I can taſte the true Family Joys,
That my Kids wanton ſafely o'er Meadows and Rocks,
That my Sheep graze ſecure from the Robber or Fox;
Theſe are Bleſſings I ſhare with the reſt of the Swains,
For it's *Thyrſis* who gave them, and *Thyrſis* maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Periſh my Voice, if e'er I blame
Thy Duty to our Guardian's Name!
His active Talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous Fear.
Intent to form our Bliſs alone,
The generous Youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his buſy Mind employs
To find a Partner of his Joys.

So

So might his happy Offspring own
The Virtues which their Sire hath ſhewn.

AIR.

With Joy the Parent loves to trace
Reſemblance in his Children's Face:
And as he forms their docil Youth,
To walk the ſteady Paths of Truth,
Obſerves them ſhooting into Men,
And lives in them Life o'er again.

While active Sons, with eager Flame,
Catch Virtue at their Father's Name;
When full of Glory, full of Age,
The Parent quits this buſy Stage,
What in the Sons we moſt admire,
Calls to new Life the honour'd Sire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent Sage, forgive the Zeal
Of thoughtleſs Youth. With thee I feel,

The

The Glories now *Arcadia* ſhares
May but embitter future Cares.

Oh mighty *Pan!* attend *Arcadia*'s Voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his Choice.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

So may all thy *Sylvan* Train,
Dryad Nymph, and ruſtic Faun,
To the Pipe and merry Strain,
Trip it o'er the ruſſet Lawn.
May no Thorn or bearded Graſs
Hurt their Footſteps as they paſs,
Whilſt in Gambols round and round
They ſport it o'er the ſhaven Ground.

Though thy *Syrinx*, like a Dream,
Flying at the Face of Day,
Vaniſh'd in the limpid Stream,
Bearing all thy Hopes away,

If

If again thy Heart ſhould burn,
In careſſing,
Bleſt, and Bleſſing
May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd Return.

CHORUS.

O mighty *Pan!* attend *Arcadia*'s Voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his Choice.
[*A Dance of Huntſmen and Huntreſſes.*

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, Shepherds, peace, with jocund Air
Which ſpeaks a Heart unknown to Care,
Young *Delia* haſtes. The glad Surprize
Of Rapture flaſhing from her Eyes.

Enter DELIA.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, Shepherds, come away;
Sadneſs were a Sin To-day.

Let

Let the Pipe's merry Notes aid the Skill of the Voice;
For our Wiſhes are crown'd, and our Hearts ſhall rejoice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For ſure he is mad
Who, where Mirth and good Humour, and Harmony's found,
Never catches the Smile, nor lets Pleaſure go round.
Let the ſtupid be grave,
'Tis the Vice of the Slave;
But can never agree
With a Maiden like me,
Who is born in a Country that's happy and free.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this Rapture, *Delia?* ſhew
Th' Event our Boſoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant Side,
Where *Ladon* rolls its Silver Tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous State,
Sail'd a proud Barge, of richeſt Freight:
Where ſat a Nymph, more freſh and fair
Than Bloſſoms which the Morning Air
Steals Perfume from; the modeſt Grace
Of Maiden Bluſh beſpread her Face.
Hither it made, and on this Strand
Pour'd its rich Freight for Shepherds' Land.
Ladon, for this, ſmooth flow thy Tide!
The precious Freight was *Thyrſis'* Bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, Shepherds, if aright I hear,
The Sounds of Joy proclaim them near:
Lets meet them, Friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A View of the Sea, with the Veſſel at a Diſtance.

Here follows a PASTORAL PROCESSION *to the Wedding of* THYRSIS.

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty *Pan!* with tender Care,
View this Swain and Virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Juſt Return of Heart for Heart.
May the Pledges of their Bliſs
Climb their Knees to ſhare the Kiſs.
May their ſteady blooming Youth,
While they tread the Paths of Truth,
Virtues catch from either Side,
From the Bridegroom and the Bride.

CHORUS.

May their ſteady blooming Youth,
While they tread the Paths of Truth,
Virtues catch from either Side,
From the Bridegroom and the Bride.

The E N D.